Volume LXIV CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1909 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE POET'S PROTEST

O man with your rule and measure,
Your tests and analyses!
You may take your empty pleasure,
May kill the pine, if you please;
You may count the rings and the seasons,
May hold the sap to the sun,
You may guess at the ways and the reasons
Till your little day is done.

But for me the golden crest
That shakes in the wind and launches
Its spear toward the reddening West!
For me the bough and the breeze,
The sap unseen, and the glint
Of light on the dew-wet branches,
The hiding shadows, the hint
Of the soul mysteries.

You may sound the sources of life,
And prate of its aim and scope;
You may search with your chilly knife
Through the broken heart of hope.
But for me the love-sweet breath,
And the warm, white bosom heaving
And never a thought of death,
And only the bliss of living.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

CONTENTS

Hymn—*Richard Watson Gilder* 611

Editorial—
Notes 611
Richard Watson Gilder 613

The Pulpit—
Gold Hunting—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 614
Winnipeg, Manitoba 617

Correspondence—
The Renascence of Human Nature—Charles F. Dole 618
A Review of The Land of Long Ago 619

The Home—
Helps to High Living 619
The Two Little Flocks—*Miriam S. Clark* 619
Thanksgiving—*Rebecca Harding* 620

The Field—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 621

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

FOUNDED IN 1846

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF HONEST MANAGEMENT

Samuel T. Chase, Ill. Gen. Agent. Monadnock, Blk. Chicago

ESTABLISHED 38 YEARS

Athenaeum Business College

ADVISORY BOARD

Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL.D.
Bishop of Reformed Episcopal Ch.
Thomas Estill
Commissioner Salvation Army for the Western States
Rev. Abraham Hirschberg
Secretary of the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago
Rev. George W. Gray, D. D.
Charles A. Brillow
President Wabash Valley Coal Co.
James W. Howell, Attorney
W. D. Peck, B. A., Principal
Samuel R. Willey, LL. B. President

The School of Quality

18 to 26 VAN BUREN STREET
Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO

Phone Harrison 1110

DEPARTMENTS

1. Shorthand and Typewriting
2. Commercial
3. Preparatory
4. Teachers' Review
5. Railroad Freight Rates

TUITION RATES

$10 Per Month Payable in Advance
Night School, $4 Per Month

40 Thousand Graduates

Young people qualified in our Shorthand and Business departments in the shortest possible time for positions that pay at once from $25 to $60 per month. Individual instruction. Enter at any time. Day and night sessions. Call, write, or phone Harrison 1110 for catalogue. Positions for graduates. 38 years of uninterrupted success.

MADE OF CREAM

Thompson's Ice Cream

WE CATER PARTICULARLY TO SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, LODGES, FAMILIES, ETC.

Phone Oakland 1177 43rd and Evans

Madame Drake

Importer

invites you to inspect the Season's Model

Millinery

359 E. 47th Street
Near Grand Boulevard
Chicago

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings Grove, Ill.

DOWD PURE MILK CO.

4326-34 WABASH AVE.

Phone Oakland 474

Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country

OUR MOTTO:
Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery

Ideal Cream

Prepared by For Chapped and Rough Skin

WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

F. HOPE & SON

PAINTS ENAMELS ACME QUALITY STAINS VARNISHES

Painting and Decorating
Painters' Supplies

We are Distributers for ACME PAINTS, Varnishes, etc

3821 Cottage Grove Ave.
Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.

HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1909. NUMBER 13.

HYMN

To Thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!
Who, from of old to our own days
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,
Hast sent Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

We thank Thee for each mighty one
Through whom Thy living light hath shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

We thank Thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of Thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.

We thank Thee for the word of might
The Spirit spake in darkest night;
Spake through the trumpet voices loud
Of prophets at Thy throne who bowed.

Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure,
That like Thy saints, we may endure;
Forever through Thy servants, Lord,
Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Few people realize the extent of the Pacific invasion of Canada by unwarlike "settlers" from the States. The old cry, "Young man go West!" has been changed to "Young man go to the Northwest!" The lure of the great wheat fields of Minnesota, the Dakotas, and beyond, has moved northward to the Saskatchewan and Manitoba territories. It is hard to realize that already Winnipeg is a city of 135,000; that Calgary has 30,000; Edmonton, 25,000; and that pioneers are pouring into that new "Great West" at the rate of 200,000 a year. We are glad to know that other than wheat-growers are in the procession. A circular entitled "Unitarian Church Extension in Western Canada" is before us telling of the vigorous spirit of the All Souls Church of Winnipeg, Manitoba, which also announces that the "Rev. Frank W. Pratt, the field agent of the American Unitarian Association, who inaugurated the movement, has gone on to Calgary, where he will remain for some months in starting a movement there." This circular is in the interest of a five thousand dollar fund with which to buy a building site, which will cost 50 cents per square foot. Subscribers are requested to return this letter and to send their remittances, registered, to Mr. Frank R. Hyde, President, 705 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Manitoba. This circular letter is interesting on its own account—send for a copy. Here is a chance for investment in real estate in the Northwest, that will surely prove a profitable investment.

Adjutant General Ainsworth of the regular army, in his annual report, shows that 4,993 enlisted men deserted from the army during the last fiscal year. This makes nearly five per cent. of the whole enlisting force, a number unparalleled in previous history. The causes he offers for this increase of the soldiers who take "French leave" are, the monotony of the garrison life, the increasing amount of work and study demanded of the soldiers, the remunerative employment in civil life, and alas, the abolishment of the canteen. The General has no better remedies to offer than the infliction of severe penalties, and the restoration of the canteen! Perhaps this is all that can be expected from the military viewpoint, but the intelligent man in civil life cannot fail to note the encouraging fact that the young men of America are too intelligent, too much enamored of civil duties and opportunities to be content to live any length of time the tasteless, useless, parasitic life of a soldier in time of peace. If in a moment of discouragement, influenced by the seductive inspiration of drum and fife, the deceptive pictures on the walls or the degradation of the will by "booze," the normal young man should enlist, the disillusion follows promptly and life becomes unendurable. His American sense returns, and he knows that he is made for far better things, and that a nobler career awaits him. No sadder comment on army life could be made than that offered by so many generals, that the beer and whisky which are found increasingly unnecessary in civic life, are still indispensable in the life of the camp. "Dry" territory is the growing demand of the civilian; the soldiers must still abide in the malarial "wet" lands. Reduce the army to the requirements of a police force within her boundaries, raise the standards of intelligence and tasks required, make camp a school, the soldier a worker—let him become the guardian of the public honor, a conserver of public resources, an educator and a missionary of the common weal, and all desertion will cease, and the army—well, well, we need another word, for its main features will be something other than *Army,* and its *"Armory"* will somehow be transformed into a *"Brainery."*

Whatever George Willis Cooke takes hold of, is handled with thoroughness, critical ability, and academic poise. The woman question in these days

is in danger of being injured in the house of its friends by a sensationalism, an appropriation of the too loud and catchy tricks of the politician, even by an unwomanly appeal to force. Mr. Cooke's purpose to deal with "Women in Progress of Civilization" in the *Chautauqua Magazine* for the current year, beginning in September, will do much towards putting the question where it belongs, above the catch-penny methods of the agitator, into the hands of the student and the thoughtful. We know that Mr. Cooke has been at work on these lines for many years, and the titles of his chapters are reassuring. Here are some of them: "Maternal Society and Its Institutions"; "Paternal Institutions, especially in Greece"; "Women and Domestic Economy"; "Women under Machine Industry"; "Social Ideals and Suffrage for Women"; "Women's Influence on Civilization." Advanced outline for the use of club committees will be sent on request by the Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York. Another contribution to the woman question of much significance has reached our table in the shape of a comely volume of 300 pages on "The Women of the University," by Helen R. Olin, a well-known gradate of the Wisconsin University, and wife of one of the leading lawyers and public spirited citizens of Wisconsin. The book is a careful academic study of the result of co-education in the enterprising, but none-the-less thorough, State University of Wisconsin. The work of Mr. Cooke and Mrs. Olin will do much more for the cause than floods of "pink-teas," bolts of fluffy drapery, and much campaigning "on the stump" and in the "lobby." The need of the woman at the polls is becoming daily more apparent; her right to the ballot finds fewer and fewer sensible men and women to deny day by day. Woman Suffrage is surely coming—it cannot come too soon. But the appeal is to reason, philosophy, morals and religion, and not to the selfish and superficial interests now guarded by the party politician and the legislators elected by the same. Let the sisters keep their dignity and their heads, for the stars in their courses are fighting for and with them.

At last, over all the intrigues and delays possible to the astute lawyers whose object has been not to hasten but postpone judicial verdict, the courts have spoken concerning the great Standard Oil trust, and the decision is clear, ringing, and conclusive; the methods of the combine have been declared illegal, unjust, deserving of not only the severest censure, but of prompt dispersion. Within a year, the great Standard Oil is to close up and go out of business. Everything that legal talent, subterfuge and evasion on the part of the accused could do, has been done to avert the verdict of the court, and still the judges have spoken unanimously, with all the confidence that rests in intelligent conviction. Of course the end is not yet. The wealthiest combination on earth, probably, will still fight the decision up to the Supreme Bench of the Nation. That body moves with deliberation, and everything that can be done to retard the decision will be done, for every day's delay means a golden harvest to this "trust" that is exploiting the surprising resources of Nature—a hidden and inestimable wealth of the rocks. The interim between this decision and the final verdict of the Supreme Court may be used by the accused in studying how to evade the law, to circumvent the decision, or to repair the damage done by the courts by new legislation, that will further sanction and protect them in their high-handed exploitation of Nature's resources. But the interim ought to be spent in devising ways of carrying on their indispensable industry *according* to law and in the *interests of the public*. It ought to be a season of reformation, in which the inspirations of greed and of selfish protection should give way to the inspiration of service, civic interests, and the advancement of the State. The decision of the United States court makes practical and pressing the problem which has long been recognized in the abstract by the scholar. Combination and not competition points the way to the higher economy and the better service. The great problem of civilization today is how to make combination ethical—to make that just which has already proved to be wise: in other words, how to make the old war methods of competition, that were so wasteful, impossible in the future, and the coöperative method just and in the interest of the toiler and the poor. The combinations of the Petroleum Industry show the wrong way of doing the right thing. Their combinations were great, but they are to be supplanted by a greater combination. Heretofore, they have filled the coffers of the few men, and made money-kings. In the future they are to enrich the commonwealths, and to put kingly crowns upon the people, the common people, all the people. And this is no Utopian dream. The recent decision of the Supreme Court is an immense step towards it.

Richard Watson Gilder

It is hard to think of this gentle spirit as having escaped its familiar and gracious bodily envelope. The world is more lonely since the news of his death. To the present writer it was both a shock and a surprise last year to come upon the comely new volume of the assembled poems of Mr. Gilder, issued by the Houghton-Mifflin press. It was a shock to realize that the time had come when he or anybody else would think of a definitive edition. It seemed so natural to expect more; we wanted to keep the account open a while longer. It was a surprise to find how much had been accomplished in this direction—enough to fill

over 450 pages; with titles enough to fill eighteen pages. And what a benignant biography the seeing and feeling mind can read between the lines of these titles. How varied and modern, how real and living is the life here suggested! The lover, the veteran of the war, the reformer, the lover of art, the reader of good books, and the champion of high causes, and one with a great capacity for friendship.

"On the Life Mask of Lincoln," perhaps the best known of his poems, is one of a group born out of a soldier-citizen's heart. "The Burial of Grant," the lines to President Cleveland, the appreciative interpretation of whom constituted his latest contribution, "Sheridan," "Lowell," "Henry George," "Robert Gould Shaw," "Carl Schurz," Edward Everett Hale," indicate his alertness in these directions and show how the private artilleryman in the war continued in the service, supplanting the lanyard by the pen.

A student of these poems might expect to find the author as chairman of the New York Tenement House Commission, member of the Civil Service Reform League, and of necessity belonging to the Society of American Artists, so familiar does he seem to be with the artists, be they sculptors, painters, actors or musicians.

However it may be with the permanent place of Mr. Gilder as a poet, his place as a citizen, an all-around accomplished man, a friend and promoter of things excellent, is secure. He belongs to that guild of noble American citizens who are above party prejudices and enthusiasms; independent in politics, non-sectarian in religion, cosmopolitan in sympathies, men who were disposed to take the Declaration of Independence seriously, who believed democracy was workable, who took their intelligences and their consciences with them to the polls,—James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, E. C. Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder,—what noble leaders!

But Gilder's place among the poets is sure; all the more sure because he makes no claims for a place among "the grand old masters" and the "bards sublime." He was content to be "the humbler poet"

> "Who, through long days of labor,
> And nights devoid of ease,
> Still heard in his soul the music
> Of wonderful melodies."

Mr. Gilder was not the poet of the crowd; he was too meditative and quiet for that. He had greater claims of being a poet's poet, as he certainly was the poet of the poets. Perhaps he studied too deliberately the moods and movements of the poets to be caught up by the divine afflatus into the realm of unconscious composition and uncalculating song. But surely it is delightful to find one who took the poets so seriously and who prized their mission so highly. "The Poet and his Master," "The Master Poets," "The Young Poet," "The Poet's Fame," "The Poet's Protest," "Our Elder Poets," "The Poet's Day," "How to the Singer Comes the Song," "The Song's Answer," "The Poet's Secret," "The Poet's Question," and, last to mention, "The Fire Divine," are titles that go to show how this sweet singer entered into the fellowship of the bards and himself lived on song. Stedman characterized the poems of Gilder as "flawless, marked by the mystical beauty, intense emotion and sociological distinction of the select illuminata. . . . His aim is choice and high."

The Gilder family is a notable one in American letters. William Henry was a major in the Civil War, after which he became journalist and was an Arctic explorer in the '70's. Richard Watson, the next in the family, in addition to the work indicated above, was a tireless editor, passing through all the stages of the craft from editor of the daily paper to managing editor of the *Century* throughout its entire career. Jeannette Gilder, five years Richard's junior, has an editorial rank second only to that of her brother in fame. As founder and editor of the *Critic* she has shaped American taste. Joseph B., the youngest of the quartette, fourteen years the junior of Richard, shared with his sister the labors of establishing the *Critic* and subsequently represented the *Century* Company in London.

Once the journeyings of Richard Watson Gilder carried him within the gates of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and into the UNITY sanctum, and left a fragrance of the spirit pervading the air as that of roses in the room. He said he wanted to come again, and that soon; but he never went away; his presence is still assured, and the long promised visit of the UNITY Editor to the New York sanctum, the editorial rooms of the *Century*, is no longer necessary, for

> "Subject to his firm decrees
> Are the heavens, are the seas;
> But in utter humbleness
> Reigns he, not to ban, but bless—
> Cleansed, and conquering, and benign
> Bearer of the fire divine."

Abstract principles of conduct break down in practice because kindness and truth and justice are not duties founded on abstract principles external to man, but human passions, which have, in their time, conflicted with higher passions as well as with lower ones. If a young woman, in a mood of strong reaction against the preaching of duty and self-sacrifice and the rest of it, were to tell me that she was determined not to murder her own instincts and throw away her life in obedience to a mouthful of empty phrases, I should say to her: "By all means do as you propose. Try how wicked you can be: it is precisely the same experiment as trying how good you can be. At worst you will only find out the sort of person you really are. At best you will find that your passions, if you really and honestly let them all loose impartially, will discipline you with a severity which your conventional friends, abandoning themselves to the mechanical routine of fashion, could not stand for a day."—*G. Bernard Shaw.*

THE PULPIT

Gold Hunting

A Sermon from the Pacific Coast

Preached Sunday, November 14, 1909, at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

"What is the best account of the gold-hunting and gold-finding days in the early history of Nevada?" I asked the professor of history in the Nevada State University at Reno, only a few days ago. Without a moment's hesitation came the answer: "You will find it in Mark Twain's 'Roughing It.' His reputation as a humorist has reacted to the discredit of this narrative. Those who know declare it, barring the obvious intentional exaggerations and fancies, a truthful reflection of things as they were."

The psychological moment had arrived for me to read that book. After a six days' sojourn in the university town of Reno, while giving a course of lectures to the student body of three hundred and more boys and girls and their teachers, I started back by rail, which runs largely parallel with the trails over which, fifty years ago, the then unknown and unlabeled Samuel Clemens, the boy brother of the newly appointed secretary of the Territory of Nevada, bowled along in the overland stage, sleeping by night and tossing by day on a couch made of mail sacks which filled the major portion of the stage coach. He made the trip from the Missouri river to the "wooden town" of Carson City, Nevada, in twenty days, which was the astonishing achievement of the overland stage company at that time. My trans-continental train covered the same distance in about two days, and I read Mark Twain's vivid description of the alkali desert where even the sage brush and the grease-wood sickens, weakens, and ceases to be, by electric light while lying in my Pullman berth. I breakfasted on brook trout and drank abundantly of ice-water where sixty years ago the old forty-niners staggered, fell, and died of thirst with the wild delirium of the mirage torturing the crazed brain. The "overland special" flew along at the rate of forty miles an hour over a roadbed ballasted with crushed rock, in the safety of the automatic block system, where once the trail was lined with the whitening carcasses of the oxen, mules, horses and men that had perished by the way.

Mark Twain vividly describes the flight of the pony riders, eighty of whom were flying over the dreary wastes, all the time, day and night, forty going eastward and forty westward, compassing 250 miles in every twenty-four hours. It took 400 gallant horses to keep up the speed of over ten miles an hour in never-failing relays. Let Mark Twain's vivid words describe the flying marvel, the wonder of the desert, man's successful triumph over distance and death:

"The rider's dress was thin and fitted close; he wore a 'roundabout,' and a skull-cap, and tucked his pantaloons into his boot-tops like a race-rider. He carried no arms—he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth *five dollars a letter*. He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry—his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight, too. He wore a little wafer of a racing-saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes, or none at all. The little flat mail-pockets strapped under the rider's thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold-leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized."

This was in 1859. In 1909, just fifty years later, two trans-continental trains each way thunder along the Union Pacific central line alone, apparently unimpeded and, to the thoughtless and ungrateful travelers, unheeded and unknown, with countless other freight and passenger trains, loaded with the comfort, luxuries and delicacies that represent the interchange of life between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Whole freight trains are loaded with California oranges, prunes and strawberries, saluting on their way similar trains loaded with Pennsylvania iron, Massachusetts calico, Connecticut clocks, and,—gruesome exchange,—Virginia and North Carolina tobacco. The completion of this parent line was an international wonder and the occasion of national celebration. Flags fluttered, bands played, children marched, poets and orators were in evidence, celebrating the driving of the golden spike completing the iron bond that united the Atlantic to the Pacific, away out on the Wyoming plain, by Leland Stanford. That daring line of railway, which typified such scientific triumph, commercial courage, human hardihood and labor, is now paralleled by six or more rival lines, each one of which is burdened with business, its switch-yards congested with loaded cars waiting to be moved.

By a strange and happy coincidence, after the reading of Mark Twain's "Roughing It" on my recent return trip from California, I found waiting me in my study copies of the *Drych,* the organ of the Welsh in America, in which I read in my mother tongue the painful, tragic account of the journeyings across the plain of a little band of Welshmen from Wisconsin, in 1849. They left their comfortable, safe pioneer homes in the Wisconsin settlements and made the awful journey, first by lumber wagon to Peoria, then by steamboat down the Illinois river into the Mississippi, down to St. Louis, then by ox-wagon train to the Missouri and beyond. At St. Louis a portion of the party weakened and returned. At last there were but four left, and far out on the plains they abandoned the wagon and oxen and struck out, with a broncho pony, a mule and a little white mare, two of them making one mount do. At last in the alkalai dreariness the desperate point was reached when to go back was impossible and to go forward was a grim chance. The poor animals had wasted for want of food so that the minimum of necessities and the small supply of food was all they could carry. The foot-sore men were weakening, sickening, tempted to lie down and die when the last grim forty-five miles were to be traversed on which there was to be found neither water nor shelter. They stopped the last afternoon to make the gruesome preparations for the desperate dash through the alkali wastes. They cooked a kettleful of rice over the sage brush fire, cut with their pocket-knives such tufts of grass as they could gather from the meager herbage, and tied them to the saddles of the faithful pack-horses, filled their canteens with the brackish water so loaded with alkali that it must be drunk only at the point of desperation, and then, when the sun had withdrawn its cruel rays, they started on the desperate tramp. In the morning they rested, allowed the horses to moisten their tongues with water doled out of their canteens in tin cups, fed them on the little handfuls of dried grass that they

carried on their saddles, the men feasting on the cooked rice; and then they pressed on. On the second day, after two night journeys, they won the forty-five mile race with death and reached the sink where there was water to drink, grass for the horses and rest for the men.

This was ten years before Mark Twain rolled along over that desert in the luxury of a six-horse stage. The Wisconsin Welshmen were a part of the gold-hunting caravan that crossed the plains, climbed the mountains, and made the trail in '49, because there was gold in California. Mark Twain's band was lured in '59, because there was more gold found in Nevada. In '49 it was Sacramento and the California gulches; in '59 it was Carson City and the Comstock lode in Nevada.

Compare the lonely Welsh quartette and their three famished and thirsting horses with the overland special in which I was carried; a train of cars constructed of steel, two or more mail coaches, fully equipped, brilliantly lighted, postoffices on wheels, express cars carrying wealth and counters of wealth beyond telling; the whole train made up of standard Pullmans, sleepers and dining cars, where literally the delicacies as well as the substantials of the best hotels were served daintily and elegantly three times a day; observation cars with luxurious seats, reading room, library, writing tables. Yet in spite of all this elegance, luxury and safety, men and women grumbled, were querulous and critical; the beefsteak was rejected if it was not cooked to the shading of taste, the coffee spurned if it was a degree too cold or a fraction too weak.

What does it all mean? Who can estimate the ethical value of all this progress? Who will dare preach the sermon of gold-hunting? Is it progress, from the mad heroism tapering out into something more sublime,—patient endurance, uncomplaining submission to awful conditions,—to the indulgent, complaining, complacent and sometimes very selfish and indolent life of the palace cars? Courage in its highest manifestations perhaps ends in sheer fortitude, sublime endurance, a humble submission to circumstances which are a mingling of the stern realities of God with the recklessness of man, the unyielding grimness of nature with the foolish infatuations and short-sightedness of the human kind. On the other hand, prosperity, wealth, everything that gold stands for, may and often does devitalize the will, confuse the perspective of the judgment, increase the self-conceit, the self-interest, the self-centered life of the individual, which is always farthest away from the highest happiness, the noblest joys and the most potent inspirations which are centered in the other self,—the cause of humanity, the divine ideals.

Here, then, we have at least great sermon material. I shall be content if I may suggest the skeleton, an outline for the great sermon of Gold Hunting. Preacher fashion, here are the heads for our sermon:

1. The tremendous inspiration of gold hunting.
2. The uncertainty of the quest; the element of chance; the luck in it.
3. The disillusion of the mind; the gruesome and long journey from the prospector to the mint.
4. The value of it when found; what can we get for gold?
5. The re-valuations: Who owns the ore? What are we going to do with it after we get it? Real *vs.* fictitious wealth.
6. Prospecting in higher altitudes; sociological mining.

The amplification of my first point: The tremendous inspiration of gold-hunting is already hinted at. The awful story of the forty-niners, the fifty-niners and the subsequent rushes,—it is one story from the wanderings of the deluded Spaniards in search of the El Dorado—the land of Gold—to the Klondike. The same story of inspiration rising into insanity whenever the cry of "Gold found!" is heard in Australia, Africa, Alaska, the Black Hills or Leadville.

"Oh, we were brutes and devils, goaded by lust and fear!
Our eyes were strained to the summit; the weaklings dropped to the rear,
Falling in heaps by the trail-side, heart-broken, limp and wan;
But the gaps closed up in an instant, and heedless the chain went on.
The greed of the gold possessed us; pity and love were forgot;
Covetous visions obsessed us; brother with brother fought.
Partner with partner wrangled, each one claiming his due;
Wrangled and halved their outfits, sawing their boats in two."

The second point of the sermon of the Gold Hunter is the uncertainty of the quest, the awful element of chance. No wonder that the prospector grew suspicious, that the canons of the Rockies and the Sierras are today haunted with poor half-witted hunters for gold, chipping the ledges, testing the gulleys, lured by one false light after another, for the earth crust upon which we walk possesses no treasure the geology of which is more erratic, uncertain or unexpected. Perhaps most of the great finds have had in them the maximum of chance, the minimum of science. They tell in Nevada how a wayward mule, wandering in forbidden ways up a neglected canon miles from camp, led the way to a great discovery. Like Saul who, hunting for his father's asses, came upon a kingdom, this mule-hunter stumbled upon a great gold-yielding lead.

Mark Twain tells us that the hogs were "good pocket hunters." The miners followed their rootings. One man found a pocket lead that yielded him five thousand dollars, another eight thousand; then, too, there was "Tom Quartz," Dick Baker's cat, who "never ketched a rat in his life—'peared to be above it; never cared for nothing but mining. He knowed more about mining, that cat did, than any man I ever see. You couldn't tell him noth'n 'bout placer diggins." No wonder that gambling flourished among the gold-hunters, for their very calling is charged with adventure and uncertainty. The minimum of law and the maximum of chance guide the prospector.

My third point is the disillusionment of the miner. Oh, the gruesome long journey from the discovered lead to the mint! The dreary digging, the laborious transportation, the mystic rendering and the uncertain assayer's verdict. There is no chance here, for all is law in the stamp-mills of the gold mine. The crushers are relentless; the law of specific gravity works unerringly in the settling vats, and the acids show no favor. The miner's journey through this alkali desert of toil is harder to sustain than the journey across the great American desert. Many a man who achieved the journey lost heart under ground. And when the lead is found, then the trouble begins. "It takes a gold mine to run a silver mine," is the Spanish proverb. Some man high in the profits of the Comstock mines has declared that more gold has been put into the mine than has been taken out of it. Mark

Twain tells of one mine in the neighborhood of Virginia City with five miles of dismal drifts and tunnels. The underground population of that magic city of '59 was five or six thousand men traversing thirty miles of streets, the superintendent above ground sending his signals to them by telegraph. Every once in a while a man fell down a shaft a thousand feet deep, and then, with gruesome humor, he adds: "Following such case, there generally was held an inquest to find out the cause of his death."

All the suffering, endurance and fortitude of the gold-hunter, all the triumphs of the prospector, count but little over against the cold capital of the man who arrives after the prospector, who exploits the stock, waters the same, and in due time builds his palace, travels in Europe, and his wife dances with a lord, while the man who crossed the plains, starved, and found the lead, works by the day in the mine which he discovered, if indeed he receives as much consideration as that.

But to our fourth point: What is the value of the gold when found? One thing is sure,—the best things cannot be bought for gold. In the dire extremities of life the yellow metal counts but little. Ruskin in this connection speaks of the Californian who went down in the shipwreck with a belt heavily loaded with gold around his waist.

> "Gold thou mays't safely touch; but if it stick
> Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.
>
> "What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
> About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
> Take stars for money; stars not to be told
> By any art, yet to be purchased."

Gold has been called the "precious" metal, In fact it is the most useless of the metals. In the Utopia of Sir Thomas More the menial vessels in the household are made of gold, to show its inferior rank in the utilities of life. Iron, copper, lead, even silver, the next most useless metal, have a larger place in the mechanical, industrial, aye, even in the fine arts, than gold. It will not hold an edge like steel, or be molded into strength like copper, or lend itself to plastic utilities like lead. The amount of gold necessary to the useful or even the decorative arts is trifling and warrants no such wastage of body and spirit as is represented in the gold hunting. Its value in the economic world rests chiefly upon the superstition of primitive minds, the old sun-worshippers who thought they discovered some celestial potency and beauty in the metal that carried within itself the yellow rays of the sun. This fanciful value has made it the counter of wealth, a medium of exchange, a measure of values. At this remoteness from any election agitation, with no hot questions of bi-metalism, mono-metalism or "sixteen to one ratios," can we not coolly face the fact that the value of gold as a coin metal, a medium of exchange, rests, first in a religious superstition and lastly in an economic tyranny, a brutal conservatism, that is traditional and unscientific? Paper is a far better representative of wealth than gold. A bank bill is more convenient, less easily counterfeited in every way than the troublesome, easily lost coin which, once minted, is speedily relegated to the coffers of governmental treasuries and banks. In the organized world that is coming, there will be an international compact for securing a safe and sure basis of exchange, a guarantee of credit, a commercial integrity, some convenient counter of credit, some representative of wealth, that will relegate the yellow metal and the white metal to the metal markets to be sold by the pound for whatever utilities they may serve in the mechanics or fine arts or in that inartistic realm of decoration, the gewgaws of primitive life,—the ornamentation of ankles, wrists, necks, ears, noses and fingers.

But I will not endanger my sermon by insisting on this bit of ideal economics, this theory of moneys, which the would-be practical business man will promptly dismiss as Utopian and impossible, obvious though the conclusions may be to the philosopher and the man of science who, in the long run, are ever called upon to correct the absurdities, ameliorate the blunders and repair the damages perpetuated by the blinded man of business who flatters himself that he is the divinely appointed guardian of prosperity, the maker of wealth, the representative of economic laws.

Let us take the gold for what it seems to be,—the fundamental counter of wealth, the sure key to privileges, the exchange medium that will buy all the commodities desirable or available in the markets of the world, and still we are forced, in the presence of the accumulating millions, by the pressing needs of the multi-millionaire, the horrible miseries of the palace, the degeneracies of the favored, the weaknesses and the wickednesses that follow in the trail of wealth, to consider the fifth point of my gold-hunting sermon, a re-valuation of life's commodities. What are we going to do with the gold, now that we have it? What place does it occupy in the real as distinguished from the factitious wealth of the world?

Mark Twain writes how men in those mad, intoxicating days would flock in crowds to catch a glimpse of that rare and blessed spectacle—a woman. When a calico dress was seen hanging outside of a wagon, the lonely miners flocked about and cried, "Fetch her out! Fetch her out!"

"Please excuse me, gentlemen; my wife is sick; we have been robbed of money and provisions by the Indians; we want rest."

"Fetch her out! Fetch her out! We've got to see her!"

"But gentlemen, the poor thing—"

"Fetch her out! Fetch her out!" they cried, as they swung their hats and rent the air with cheers. And when she appeared, they listened to her voice as if it were a memory rather than a present reality; the hat went round and came back with twenty-five hundred dollars in gold, for "the sight of a woman." Cheap at that!

In San Francisco, Mr. Clemens dined with a young lady who, in the wild days of '49, was carried as a baby in the servant's arms up the street, when a huge miner, bearded, belted, spurred and bristling with deadly weapons intercepted the servant and feasted his hungry eyes on the curious and rare thing. At last he exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't a baby!" and flinging a leather sack to the maid he said, "There's a hundred and fifty dollars of dust in thar; I'll give it to you if you'll let me kiss the baby." The best use, probably, that miner had put his gold to for many and many a day.

But I need not hark back to those old pioneering days of the early gold-hunters or the annals of the mining camp, celebrated in song and story by Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Kipling and still later the Canadian, Robert W. Service. We need but to walk the streets of Chicago, analyze the stories of some of our nearest neighbors and our dearest friends, to realize

the sixth point of my sermon,—that there is an earnest call for a re-valuation of gold, a re-arrangement of values, an old-new estimate of the things that are pre-eminent in use and in importance. What matters it if one "gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is a text, the inspiration of which is proved by the bitter experiences of today, however we may distrust the credentials of the old parchments whereon we first read it.

Surely, Ruskin states the orator's conclusion as well as the philanthropist's dream when he says:

"A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it or the grasp shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold does not necessarily diminish in the spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they cannot take measure."

Again he says:

"The true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures."

Far be it from me, a Pullman car missionary who traveled all the way to the Golden Gate and back for the sake of peddling perchance a few grains of the invisible gold to be found in a poet's word or a prophet's verse, to be ungrateful to the advance couriers who, afoot or on horseback, with ox train, pony express, or overland stage coach, paved the way with bleaching bones; but in their spirit I would call for some high prospecting in the higher altitudes of human life. We want sociological miners, prospectors in the hill country of the heart, exploiters of that gold more golden than any yellow metal,—the gold of human service, which stands for the wealth of the social compact, the power of the redeemed state, of an enlightened commonwealth.

My flight across the mountains to the Golden Gate along the trail of the gold-hunters, found two glow-points in the higher mining.

Almost within hearing of the surf on the beach of the Golden Gate I helped dedicate the Tamalpais Centre,—a playground for little children, a rallying place for mothers, and a council chamber for the busy men in that community. That meeting house with its playground was the transformed triumph of the Chicago Stock Yards, the blood of hogs and bullocks transmuted into human helpfulness; it was wealth illuminated by imagination; here were *things* baptized with a faith in the future and a purpose to serve it.

The other glow-point was at Reno, the university town of Nevada. Fronting a gracious green lawn on the college campus made possible in that desert country by the harnessed and directed waters of Lake Tahoe, kept full to the brim by melting snows carried on the high shoulders of the Sierra Nevadas, there stands a beautiful bronze statue of John Mackay, the Irish miner, in shirt sleeves, "and them rolled up," holding a pick-axe in his hands. John Mackay found the lead, followed it under ground, and with Fair and Hearst and the others, made Nevada famous, transforming that mining community, without knowing it, into one of the army corps that helped save the nation. Their gold filled the empty coffers of Lincoln's treasury and the vote of the new-born state completed the two-thirds majority necessary to pass the great Lincoln amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which made chattel slavery forever impossible within the boundaries of the Union and drove the last nail into the coffin of legal servitude.

Just back of that statue, splendid as a work of art but more splendid in its sociological significance, is the Nevada School of Mines, one of the latest built and best equipped buildings for that purpose in the country, erected there in honor of the pioneer husband and father by Mrs. Mackay and Clarence Mackay, the son, of New York City. For six days I saw 350 or more of the Nevada boys and girls pour past that statue of the miner as they assembled to listen to the stories and the inspiring words of Burns, Browning, Victor Hugo, Lyof Tolstoy and their kindred.

Here is the higher gold-mining; here is the type and symbol of the re-valuation; the equalization board of history is at work there. Today the aggregate of all the gold fields of California in all these years is insignificant compared with the more golden harvests that are annually gathered from the orange, apricot, olive, and other orchards of California. The strawberry beds and hen yards of California are surer gold mines than ever were opened under ground. One high in the academic confidences of the arid state of Nevada, the state where the sage brush and the alkali beds seem to ridicule all agricultural hopes, said: "The gold mines of Nevada have been its curse; its prosperity would be more sure if all its mines and mills were closed henceforth." The million sheep that traverse its ranges, the cattle and horses that make profitable its ranches, the million tons of alfalfa and the uncounted bushels of wheat and oats, the splendid wealth of its gardens, that will be possible when its water forces are adequately protected, wisely directed and economically invested, represent the future wealth of Nevada.

My time is gone; the sermon of the gold-hunting is unpreached, but I believe you will agree with me that I have given the outlines of a searching homily that calls for brave prospectors in the higher altitudes, heroic mining in the sociological strata, sublime patience and fortitude in the delving for that invisible gold which alone makes the visible gold desirable, if you have it, or makes it largely unnecessary if you have it not.

Winnipeg, Manitoba

An interesting Unitarian extension movement has commenced in western Canada. One feature of it is worthy of remark. The recently organized church in Winnipeg requires a building, but owing to the increasing land values the people are unable to finance the purchase of property. A suitable site will cost $5,000. With this purchase a church can be built. The church is therefore appealing to English and American liberals to help them purchase the site by contributions of *fifty cents each,* which will purchase *one square foot* of the land. As Winnipeg is a city of 135,000 and growing at the rate of 15,000 a year, a live and vigorous liberal church is greatly needed. Whoever is interested in sustaining the forward movement of an energetic band of workers for the liberal faith should at once forward the means of purchasing *one or more square* feet of Winnipeg land at the rate of fifty cents per foot for a Unitarian church. The treasurer of the church is Mr. Frank R. Hyde, 405 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Renascence of Human Nature"*

Dear Mr. Rumball: I read your article in UNITY and have been meaning to send you a trace of my lucubrations on the subject. I suspect from my own experience that the first effect on a man's mind in trying the path of your "New Thought" is a burst of exhilaration. You are taken out of the gear with the system in which you bear responsibility, as if to a grand Master Life, and you seem for a while to become a quite free man. You still have the habit of liking the way of justice and mercy, but your going in that way is now and henceforth a pure gratuity. A man rather likes the semblance of this!

I suspect all this is akin to the subtle egotism which is our most perilous form of spiritual disease. The man has become God. The somewhat blind power, struggling in and through and behind him, rises to its highest in the man. At least this may be the case, so far as the speculation goes. The man is as good as the God, and he may be better. He knows as much, if either knows anything, of his destiny. In fact, you seem to say that the God is dependent upon the man in order that he may get out and up and on. I think there is here a strong appeal to one's egotism.

If I had time, I could go on and tell you various respects in which this speculation seems to me chaotic, and (I think you will discover) in the long run, morally confusing and spiritually unwholesome.

What I want, however, briefly to suggest—all that I have time for now—is that your scheme does not appear to me to be good "pragmatism." We are choosing a "working theory" of life. Various possible schemes offer themselves. Pragmatism, I take it, means that we are free to take the most workable theory, provided no overwhelming objections appear. Now, that which you suggest in the article seems comparatively thin in its content. All there probably is, you suggest, is an unknown and invisible power working to consciousness in man (and in other beings, perhaps?) It may be (this is pure faith, such as any theory also requires) that this underlying life, or spirit of humanity, will work out to a glorious future.

There is, meanwhile, another theory, which (at least as a theory) rises infinitely above "the religion of humanity" scheme. For its faith is not "may be," but "is." It says, or assures, that there is, in and behind all things, power enough and intelligence enough, altogether transcending ours, and good will enough. Yes, entire and absolute good will ("in whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning") to assure the destiny of mankind. Instead of the theory that truth and beauty and goodness may be only phases in the development of the "earth spirit," or of "the soul of humanity," the richer doctrine is that the great values which make life precious are eternal. This is indeed the reason why we cannot easily get them out of our heads, whatever our theory or religion may be!

I say that here is a richness of possibilities for the enforcement of the good life, the like of which I cannot find in your form of positivism. For example, when I try the latter, I have to rule out all the splendid words of the older faith, which I think are the universal faith, such as, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God": "If God be for us who can be against us?" I simply do not thirst at all for the God of your essay. My skepticism, which has stood for years solemnized in the magnificent conception of the God of the thinkers and poets, simply sweeps over this little God of humanity, whom my own mind can comprise, from his feeble beginnings in the protoplasm to the day of the wreck of his world! Where did he come from? Where did he find the law of his unfolding? Where did he get the principle of good will, which you and I love, and which is the best condition of his salvation? As soon as I think of the bare possibility of the existence of this earth-God, I am driven on to the vaster possibilities of the richer conception from which, I believe, positivism or "humanism" is but a fragment.

In other words, on my critical and skeptical side, I find it far easier (I might almost say I find it imperative) to adopt a very bold, but very great working-theory, which, if true, really seems to answer my great questions, as a true theory ought, and at the same time meets the needs of my whole being, "heart and soul and mind and strength,"—rather than to choose a confessedly smaller program, which leaves every profound question unanswered, and the most characteristic hunger of my soul for unity, integrity, harmony, eternity, infinity, the fountain of Life—not only unsatisfied, but outraged. You know Clough's lines:

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish, Truth is so;
> That howsoe'er I stray and range,
> Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
> I steadier step when I recall
> That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Don't you ever feel that way? But, if I understand your article, you have nothing to make that kind of utterance out of? In this respect, you seem *to* me to go away beyond Professor James. For, whatever he does and says to the contrary, he always seems to me to leave open the whole infinite region in which, as in "Bishop Blougram's Apology," the Real and True God may possibly reign after all! When he becomes eloquent, he is always pointing toward the North Star of the unchangeable Righteousness.

On the effect of your theory in the realms of conduct, I am shy to speak. If the older thought is true, the moral gravitation is always pulling on us, whatever our theory may be. Nevertheless, it seems to me that, for the stress and strain of practical life, the theory that founds ethics, not in the changing experiences of an earth-soul, or a growing humanity, but in the structure of the universe, is far better fitted to command for its sanctions the allegiance of the whole man.

I can only speak here for my own case. The first glow of enthusiasm over the individual freedom, to which I referred earlier, is mixed with a queer sense of personal responsibility (in spite of the seeming appeal to one's chivalry to help the world, or God, out) and, all by myself, I do not seem to be genuinely "Master of my fate," in such sense as to engage my convictions very earnestly in behalf of the new moral enterprises which challenge the world. I could, imaginably, enlist in them for the fun of fighting, or occupying the time, as some men doubtless always do undertake such adventures. But I need a greater form of constraint: one, again, that will take over into it my whole nature. The old faith in *bone fide* God does this vast moral service for me, and gives me rest and gladness in the path of my duty, e. g., furthering

the cause of international peace or being a Unitarian minister! I cannot gear myself in any such whole-hearted way for this kind of unpopular reform movement with the humanity-God. I can get along better ethically, as an agnostic, without even any reference to him.

This is very inadequate for the treatment of a theory, which, as I see, is influencing many good men. Perhaps, however, I have said enough to show you the "pragmatic" difficulties that I find in its way.

I think you will appreciate that, so far as certain writers have talked blindly of the Absolute, I hope that I have no patent absurdity of their to defend. I think the philosophers take too little trouble to understand one another. I am only trying to say how the things which you discuss appear to me.

Please be sure, also, that in all the positive side of the teaching of your article I am in hearty sympathy. You say well that "each man has a work to do that he only can do, a song to sing that the sweetest bird could not trill for him." Yours cordially,

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, November 20, 1909.

*It was worth while to print the article on the above subject, from the pen of Rev. E. A. Rumball of Rochester, in UNITY of October 28, if for no other reason than that it called forth the above clear reply from Mr. Dole, which we are allowed to print with the consent of both the parties.—Editor.

A Review of "The Land of Long Ago"

It has remained for Ethel Colson, a Chicago literary editor, to break out into verse on reviewing Eliza Calvert Hall's new Aunt Jane book entitled "The Land of Long Ago":

Though the autumn leaves are falling,
I can feel a breath of Spring,
Hear the robins gayly calling,
See the butterflies a-wing;
Golden sunshine on the lucky
River rippling soft and low—
Ah! 'twas sweet in old Kentucky,
In "The Land of Long Ago."

Just a sheaf of simple stories,
Just such folk as you and I,
Yet replete with gleaming glories
Of the love that ne'er can die,
With the hope that sweetens sorrow,
Takes the sting from pain and care,
And the faith that knows to-morrow
Can but bring a world more fair.

Dear Aunt Jane, how well we love her,
And the radiant realm she knew,
From the sky so bright above her
To the flowers her garden grew—
Ah! Eliza Hall, God bless you,
Since you've made our tired hearts young,
And may never griefs distress you
Half so real as those you've sung!

After waiting for several weeks without hearing from her story, the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire."

Promptly came the editor's response:

Dear Madam: I have read your story, and, after giving it careful consideration, I should advise you to put it with the other irons.—*Success Magazine.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Work is the normal destiny of every human being—a destiny which is a blessing and not a curse.
MON.—No one is in his right vocation if he pursues it merely for its pecuniary returns.
TUES.—No one is working healthfully who does not work lovingly.
WED.—One man with an ideal is a more potent force in the world than a thousand who idly drift.
THURS.—If it is wrong to make the mind a slave to bodily conditions, it is also a fatal mistake to defy a real bodily need.
FRI.—Right thought, earnest and active thought, is life-giving in its very nature.
SAT.—It is not so often work that kills as badly regulated work.

—*Lewis G. Janes.*

THE TWO LITTLE FLOCKS.

Five little sheep on a hillside grazed
Where the raggedest daisies grew;
And just overhead, in a sunny spot,
Were five little clouds in the blue:
And the five little clouds in the sky looked down
On the five little sheep below,
And called out to them, in a friendly way,
"O little white flock, hello!
We look alike—we must be alike:
Now isn't that plain to you?
Come up with us in the pasture-sky—
O little white flock, please do!"
But the five little sheep on the hill looked sad,
And nibbled the grass instead;

And each one smothered a sorrowful sigh,
Shaking his wise little head.
And they called to the flock in the sky, "Oh, no!
Such union would never do;
We must be fed on the greenest grass,
While your meadow-grass is blue.
And how would we look, when trying to fly,
With hard little feet for wings?
Sheep of the earth and sheep of the sky
Were made for different things!"
And the little white flock in the sky looked down
On the little white flock below,
And they said to themselves, "How queer, when we
Resemble each other so!"

—*Miriam S. Clark.*

Thanksgiving

It is a fact that the single form of gratitude bequeathed to us as a habit by our godly ancestors was the "grace" before meals. But why limit our thanksgiving to food? Shall we thank God for beef and potatoes and not for the sunrise, or the flowers in the garden, or the wind among the trees, or the song that calls our souls up out of the valley of death? What of our eyes, our hearing, our power to think, above all, to love? Did he not give us these things as well as food?

Many of us are apt to lose much of the meaning out of life by failing to see that its innocent pleasures are direct messages from our unknown Father. Many pious, earnest people, striving to do their whole duty in their homes, starve and cripple their lives by failing to feed them with innocent comforts and pleasures. The real necessary sacrifices they make for those dependent on them are not a whit more effective because they never hearten themselves by a holiday or a joke. The wise woman, Charlotte Yonge, tells us in time of prolonged family worry to "Keep a good novel in the work-basket by way of repairs."

Whoever a young girl is, she may be sure of one thing,—that she will know her work in the world. The Master never leaves any of us in doubt about that. It may be hard and bitter. But he never fails, too, to give us strength in soul for it, and presently he sends the help we need in commonplace little ways, perhaps in the song of birds, in growing things, in the cheery gossip of neighbors. After all, the world itself is his great letter of love to his children, and many are the words of it. The growing corn has a message from him to us, and every tree in the wood, and the chickens in the farm-yard, and the fishes in the stream, and all living things. Only, too often, we do not learn their language, nor listen to them.

Then there is the world itself, with its great nations and their gospels of knowledge which are ready to widen and strengthen our lives, but which so many of us are apt to neglect, our minds being full of our own little concerns. It is Charles Kingsley, I think, who tells us of meeting in California an old friend who never had been known to leave England for a day.

"Why, John!" cried Mr. Kingsley, "what are you doing here, so far from Piccadilly?"

But his friend did not smile. He drew him gravely aside. "There was a queer thing happened to me," he said. "I dreamed one night that I had died, and was making my way to the gate of heaven, when an angel met me. 'How can you face God,' he said, 'when you never have taken the trouble even to see the beautiful world he made for you to live in? Go back to it.' So I came back, and I am now finding out for the first time all that he has done for me."

The story may not be a fact, but there is a profound truth in it. The wonder and the beauty of this world which God made to be our home, are a part of the life which he gives us, which we often put aside and leave unnoticed and unknown through all of our busy years. True, we may not have money to travel, but if we never see the glories of the Jungfrau or of a Brazilian forest, wonders as mysterious and beautiful wait for us in every pool and on every mossy tree trunk. If we knew more of this house, built countless ages ago for us to live in, and of the tribes who inhabit it, we should not waste so much of our lives in brooding over our own little family and kitchen worries.

I once met a little woman whose plan of life and methods to defeat old age seem to me so sane and odd, that I will tell you of her.

She was the widow of an English physician, left with small means and two boys whom she had educated and placed, one in India, the other in Melbourne. Her work for them was done. She was sixty-five. Her income was small, her lungs were weak. Most women in such a case would have settled down with drugs and doctors as their only thought, and begun to prepare for the next world. Not so, Jane Perry. She made her home in a hill-town of Tuscany, where the air was pure and healing and never thereafter even mentioned her ailments. She already spoke Italian. "I have been studying languages all my life," she said; "I want to be able to talk to all of my kinsfolk." She had a sound, unpretentious knowledge of art and architecture; sh eeagerly studied the history of the place, and in six months there was not a legend nor a great picture nor a bit of medieval carving in the old fortress-like palaces of the town which she did not know and love as if she had been a native. She soon made friends with the good Sisters who nursed the paupers in the great Spedale or hospital; they took comfort in telling her of their patients, and she contrived to bring to them certain helpful appliances which were in use in London. One of the industries of the town was leather-work. She learned to bind books. to gild and tool them, and sa was able to send home beautifu gifts to her friends.

She discovered in one of the cellars where poor folk burrow, a crippled girl who made fine lace, and she found regular sale for it in Rome with an English dealer. She was in the midst of the silk-raising district of Tuscany; in a year she had studied all the mysteries of the industry, knew the diseases which attack the tree and the cocoon and their remedies. She visited the contadini, or peasants, in their little farms, and was counted as their best friends. Meanwhile, she kept up her knowledge of affairs abroad, read the English and the French papers daily, and you may be sure no revolution could come to the light in Russia, nor royal wedding be planned in London, and escape Jane Pearv's eye. Everybody in the strange old medieval town, from the stately Podesta (Chief Magistrate) down to the old women shrieking and pushing their carts of onions and artichokes through the narrow lanes, knew the queer little woman with her widow's cap, and her kind homely face. She helped everybody, if but by a friendly look, and she never meddled.

"Why," I asked her, one day, "should you spend so much time in the study of the present condition of Italian emigrants? What possible use can you make of such knowledge?"

She laughed and colored. "As we grow near to the end," she said, "we are afraid to be ignorant of any work to which we may be called to reach a helping hand. Our time is so short."

That, it seems, is the kind of life which is one long, genuine thanksgiving. We may never reach the height of the great Danish Earl Brithnoll, who, with his last breath cried out: "God! I thank Thee for all the joy I have had in this good world!" but we can follow Jane Perry's humble methods of praising God daily.—*Rebecca Harding, in St. Nicholas.*

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He threw some paper in the street,
Right front of people's eyes!

And when he saw that paper gone,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into the street—he did—
And picked it up again!

He put that paper in the can,
As every man should do, Sir;
He went and joined the Civic League,
And was that wise man You, Sir?

From Kalamazoo, Mich., Civic League.

Our besetting sin may become our guardian angel! Let us thank God that we can say it! This blasting sin that has made my bed in hell for me so long,—this can be conquered, captured, and transfigured into a *friend*: so that I at last shall say, "My temptation has become my strength! for to the very fight with it I owe my force."

.—*William C. Gannett.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. OSBORNE E. D. MARTIN PAYSON S. WILD

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles R. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

A ROMISH PRIEST'S PROTEST.—As was to be expected the shooting of Professor Ferrer has been regarded with peculiar horror and indignation in freedom-loving Switzerland, so that the emotion caused thereby is still finding expression in the Swiss papers. The *Signal de Geneve* remarks editorially in a recent issue:

To read the Catholic journals on the Ferrer affair is profoundly saddening. Moreover this unanimity of the reactionary press is very significant. It is practically equivalent to an avowal of the very evident role played by Roman and Jesuit clericalism in this affair. Happily one brave exception is to be noted. Here is the way in which, according to the *Matin*, the Abbe Vral, formerly professor of history at Grandville, a Benedectine monk, ex-vicar and cure, and at the present time still a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, although a socialist, expresses himself:

"I am not sufficiently well informed as to judicial procedure in Spain and its laws, nor upon the doings of Ferrer in that country, to pronounce any final judgment as to what might, or should have been done with with the celebrated revolutionary. I do, however, quite comprehend the indignation of the people in the great cities of Europe on hearing of the shootinfis at Monjuich, in which Ferrer was included, and I say emphatically that I *denounce* these shootings.

"I am, in fact, not only opposed to the death penalty, because society has no right to inflict irremediable punishment upon those of its members whom, by its *monstrous organization* it has helped to exasperate and drive into evil, or into what we *call* evil (which is not the same thing), but I am also opposed to all exceptional courts, courts whose judges are the combatants of the day before, and so much the more embittered against their opponents as these opponents have given them more trouble and inspired them with more fear. It seems to me that Spain abounds in such judges as this at present.

"Finally, I condemn the shootings at Monjuich—who ever those may have been, including Ferrer, who lost their lives there—because I see in the Catalan insurrection one of the signs of that dissatisfaction with which a regime where the exploitation of the people is dominant in all its hideousness and under all its disguises, may well have inspired the proletarians of Spain and of every other country, and I am humiliated in my sentiments as a Christian, when I perceive the brutal use under this regime of pseudo-religious connivance with capitalism, slayer of lives and depraver of consciences."

There is some comfort in this utterance, thinks the Swiss journalist.

M. E. H.

LOVE DOES IT ALL.

By Ida Lemon Hildyard. Cloth, neatly stamped, 50 cents. Special white and gold (wedding) edition, full gilt, in box, 75 cents.

Contents: The Doctor; "At Your Convenience"; The Visit; John Temple and Lucy; "Me and Sunny"; Supreme Joys; Looking in "Friendly"; The Dear Young Lady; Love Does It All.

This striking "life" story, an admirable companion-work to Mr. Gannett's "House Beautiful," and, like that, a notable gift-book for birthday, wedding, or Christmas, is destined to have a great popular influence. No one who takes it up will lay it aside till every word is absorbed, and the reader, young or old, will rise from its perusal refreshed and ennobled.

"One of the tenderest and most helpful stories ever written. Nothing could be simpler. God bless the woman who could write it."—Christian Register.

"A lovely little story worthy to rank with 'Rab and his Friends.' Powerful in its very simplicity and sweetness."—The Advance (Chicago).

"It is almost not a story; it is a breath of the greatest thing in the world."—St. Paul Dispatch.

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre

A NEW RESPONSIVE READINGS
Compiled from Ancient and Modern Scriptures, by Alfred Free.

"Happily chosen." "Mr. Free's work is always interesting."

Sample copy and terms, 10 cents.
C. P. Rollins, Montague, Massachusetts.

MISCELLANEOUS CARDS.

Illustrated by Bertha E. Jaques, Bertha L. Corbett and Other Artists.

1. The New Year. Horatio N. Powers.
2. Nature's Ministries (To a shut-in). Evelyn H. Walker.
3. Many Dear Things of His Providence. W. C. Gannett.
4. Thou Mindest Me of All Bright Things (To a young girl). Evelyn H. Walker.
5. From Wishing-Land (Wishes for her birthday). Robert Louis Stevenson.
6. Sunset and Afterglow (To one in the afternon of life). Evelyn H. Walker.
7. They May Not Need Me, Yet They Might. Emily Dickinson.
8. Flower Messengers (With a gift of flowers). Evelyn H. Walker.
9. Not by Appointment Do We Meet Delight and Joy. Gerald Massey.
10. May Sun and Moon and Little Stars. Evelyn H. Walker.
11. A Thought for a Friend. Dinah Muloch Craik.
12. For a Marriage Day. Gerald Massey.
13. A Rosary (For lovers or friends). Owen Innsley.
14. The Assurance of Things Not Seen (For Easter). Evelyn H. Walker.
15. Behold a Friend. D. M.
16. Surprise (On immortality). Maltbie Babcock.
17. The Mothers. William C. Gannett.
18. The Little New Daughter.
19. A Christmas Wish. Evelyn H. Walker.

Plain, each ..... .05
Hand colored ..... .12
One dozen in box (your choice), postpaid $1.50

PUBLICATIONS OF UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

The Faith That Makes Faithful. By W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Silk cloth, net.....$ .75
Paper ..... .25

Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel. Cloth $1.50

A Search for an Infidel: Bits of Wayside Gospel—(Second Series). Cloth $1.50
The two volumes..... 2.50

Love and Loyalty. Sermons preached to the Confirmation Classes of Abraham Lincoln Centre. Cloth. Net....$1.50

What Does Christmas Really Mean? By John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. With colored cartoon cover and frontispiece by Mr. McCutcheon. Boards, net, 50 cents; postpaid.. .55

Nuggets From a Welsh Mine. Cloth, net $1.00

A Chorus of Faith, as heard in the Parliament of Religions. A book of selections giving points of harmony between the representatives of the various religions. Edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Cloth $1.25

Seven Great Religious Teachers: I, Moses; II, Zoroaster; III, Confucius; IV, Buddha; V, Socrates; VI, Jesus; VII, Mohammed. The seven pamphlets in a neat case, net..... .75

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago.

JOIN THE EVOLUTIONARY BIBLE CLASS

New translation, science, history, higher criticism, miracles disproved truth fearlessly stated.

"It has greatly interested me."—Andrew D. White, Ex-Pres. Cornell University.

"Nothing like it."—Judge Sibley, Columbus, O.

"I cannot overstate my delight."—E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.

Published in the Common Sense Bible Teacher, quarterly, $1.00 a year. Sample copy, 25 cents. Program free.

Common Sense Bible Teacher

ST. PAUL - - MINNESOTA

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC

Telephone Yards 1298

Main Office and Storage Yards

1023 to 31 Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

PRINTING

We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :

Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

The Great Civil War

By Charles R. Cooper.
Late 67th Ohio V. V.

CHRONOLOGICAL AND ALPHABETICAL RECORD OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

With a rare Frontispiece of Lincoln. Royal octavo, bound in blue cloth, gold-lettered back, white-lettered side, bevelled boards,, sprinkled edges.

Reduced from $5.00 to $2.50.

THE CAXTON PRESS

614 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

LOVE

THE WORLD'S BEST THOUGHT AND ACTION

By Mail, 10 cents

THE CAXTON PRESS

614 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

PROCTOR ACADEMY

Andover, New Hampshire

A Unitarian School for both sexes. Tuition and Board $250 a year. Courses in Business and Domestic Science. College Certificate. New Gymnasium. New Separate Dormitories.

Principal, Andover, New Hampshire

LIBRARY WALL CARD.

Lettered by Olive L. Grover.

Hand colored, 35 cents. In Pas-partout, 75 cents. Framed, $1.00.

TREASURE BOOKS.

Silk sewed; ribbon hinged; in four colors—red, blue, green and gray. Twenty eight pages.

Size 6⅜ by 9 inches, 75 cents; 83c postpaid.

Size 7½ by 8 inches, 75 cents; 83c postpaid.

Size 6⅜ by 8¼ inches, 65 cents; 72c postpaid.

Size 5¼ by 6½ inches, 50 cents; 56c postpaid.

Envelope size, eight pages, with envelope, in five colors, red, blue, green, gray and brown, 4½ by 6¼ inches, per dozen, 60 cents, postpaid

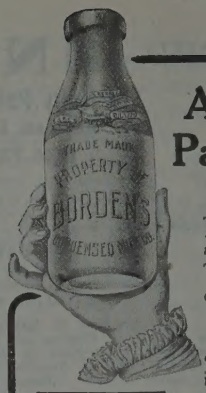
Choice clippings, 25c per package.

TREASURE GUEST BOOK.

Ninety-six pages of cream white wedding paper, with frontispiece designed by Bertha L. Corbett and hand colored by Viva Bostrom.

Boxed $1.00

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago



Are You Particular ???

The most important article of food is milk. The most important question is its purity.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the milkman who is to supply the family with milk.

Supreme for Quality

For over half a century we have given the production, preparation and distribution of milk the most careful study.

Our wagons pass your door every day.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Tel. Central 4209 42 E. Madison St.

Chicago : Evanston : Oak Park : Maywood
Phones at all Branch Offices

MARYLAND HOTEL, 157 OAKWOOD BOULEVARD

One Block from Lincoln Center
Delightful Summer Home. Fine Table. Special Rates to Students.
Phone Douglas 3345.

Clark-Lyon Company

Successors to W. D. Clark & Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

3917-19 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE.

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS

INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, PRESIDENT

4821 Cottage Grove Avenue

Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works

Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

SOUTH SIDE STATE BANK

COR. 43rd ST. AND COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

Capital $200,000

A State Bank with Strong Directorate and Responsible Stockholders. 3 per cent interest on Savings. Your Account Invited.

DIRECTORS.

C. H. Randle	Capitalist
George B. Robbins	Pres. Armour Car Lines
Nate R. Salsbury	Capitalist
Isaac N. Powell	Treasurer City of Chicago
John Cheshire	Cheshire & Shotwell
O. F. Schmidt	Pres. Security Vault Co.
Wm. Hardy	Cashier
F. A. Randle	Vice-President
H. W. Mahan	President

Some New Books

For Sale At

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT:
MASTER DIVER
By F. Hopkinson Smith
12mo.; 76 pp.; 60 cents net; by mail 66 cents. Vol. V, "True American Types" Series.

SOME MEMORIES By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 248 pp.; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35.

THE SEA OF FAITH By Milton Reed
12mo.; 111 pp.; 80 cents net; by mail, 87 cents.

THE HIGHER SACRIFICE
BY DAVID STARR JORDAN
12mo.; 54 pp. 80 cents net; by mail, 86 cents.

PAUL By W. Wrede
12mo.; 163 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.09.
(Extract is taken from the Preface.)

SONS OF THE PURITANS
By Various Authors
12mo.; 244 pp.; $1.50 net; by mail, $1.60.
Sketches of George Frisbie Hoar, by Francis C. Lowell; Morrill Wyman, by Henry P. Walcott; Horace Gray, by Ezra Ripley Thayer; Charles Franklin Dunbar, by Charles W. Eliot; Phillips Brooks, by Charles Carroll Everett; Francis Channing Barlow, by Edwin H. Abbot; Henry Sturgis Russell, by John T. Morse, Jr.; Roger Wolcott, by William Lawrence; William Eustis Russell, by Charles Eliot Norton; Charles Eliot, by William R. Thayer; William Henry Baldwin, Jr. by George R. Nutter. Illustrated with eleven portraits.
(Extract is taken from the Introduction.)

THE CHURCH OF TODAY
By Joseph H. Crooker
12mo.; 177 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 82 cents.

A BOOK OF PRAYERS
By Charles Gordon Ames
12mo.; 36 pp.; $1.50 net in cloth; $2.50 net in leather; postage, 10 cents additional.

THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE, AND ITS PLACE AMONG SACRED BOOKS By J. T. Sunderland
12mo.; 325 pp.; $1.20 net; by mail. $1.33

MIRACLES AND MYTHS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT By Joseph May
12mo.; 191 pp.; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.06.

THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 50 cents net; by mail, 56 cents.

WHERE THE LIGHT DWELLETH
By Robert Collyer
12mo.; 283 pp.; $1.40 net; by mail, $1.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE
By David Starr Jordan
12mo.; 45 pp.; 75 cents net; by mail, 81 cents.

All the books you want, at the prices you have a right to secure. Call or write to

The Lincoln Centre Shop
700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago

1902 ONE WAGON 1908 12 WAGONS

Our Plant is the Best Equipped on the South Side

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of Laundry Work

PROMPT SERVICE OUR MOTTO

BISSELL LAUNDRY

231-233-235 39th Street Telephone Douglas 1003

SCHUMANN AND COMPANY
Dyeing and Cleaning
OF
Suits, Silks, Dresses, (Rugs Oriental) etc.

Many of the well known members of Abraham Lincoln Centre are our patrons. References. Calls taken on the Phone—and Delivered.

PHONE 1442 DOUGLAS 3954 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE
TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW
UNDERTAKER

Telephone Oakland 1274
659 E. Forty-Seventh St., Near Grand Boul.

Drexel State Bank
OAKWOOD BOULEVARD AND COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE
Resources over $3,000,000.00

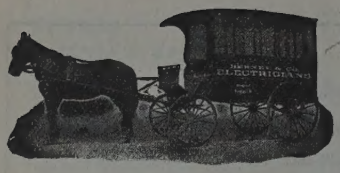
3%
PAID ON SAVING ACCOUNTS

Safety Deposit Boxes $3.00 a year and up

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 1269

H. ZEISS
Tailor
For Ladies and Gentlemen

SEVEN *and* NINE
EAST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET



BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136

Fine Residence Work Especially

Electricians and Locksmiths

3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

Bowman Dairy Company

Milk bottled in the country

Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk

Do our wagons serve you?

Why not have the best?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all division offices.

Evanston · Chicago · Oak Park

Clover-fed cows - -

Inspected Dairies - -

Sanitary, clean bottling plants - -

Delicious, rich, wholesome milk and cream -

THAT'S WANZER'S

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS

19 - 21 E. 30th St. Phone Douglas 817

6313-6315 Kimbark Ave. Phone Hyde Park 207

Don't Pay Fancy Prices for Butter

BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

Is better than the best and goes twice as far.

So called cheap butter at all, but BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is absolutely reliable, pure and wholesome. It is made of pure ground Spanish Peanuts, grown in America, and the best in the world. Come and see it made. Hundreds of dainty dishes are made from it.

QUALITY BUT-O-NUT PURITY

PEANUT BUTTER

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.

Try It Free Write today for Free Sample Jar. We will send it by return mail together with our But-O-Nut Cook Book which is full of valuable recipes. Write today,

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.

214-216 S. Water St., Chicago

4647 Grand Boulevard

Phone Oakland 319

Muir CHICAGO ESTABLISHED 1865

Flowers

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

3530 Michigan Avenue

Phone Douglas 319-538

Oakland 51 Drexel 5654

ADAMS BROS. GARAGE

171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.

All the Latest Improvements for the Care of Electric and Gasoline Vehicles

Storage Charging Repairing

Supplies for Sale

$1.00

—TO—

Cincinnati

—VIA—

C. C. & L.

SAVED BY USING ITS $5 RATE.

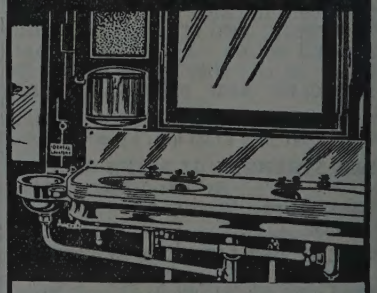
CITY TICKET OFFICE

109 Adams St. Phone Harrison 3570.

Trains leave from CENTRAL STATION, PARK ROW AND TWELFTH STREET.

Dental Lavatories

THE "ALTON'S" LATEST



Does away with the ugly habit in sleeping cars of people cleaning their teeth in the regular lavatories. The new Pullman equipment of the Chicago & Alton Railroad has a neat little dental lavatory. The water has the chill removed. A rinsing apparatus for automatically cleansing the bowl is also a feature. Separate water glasses are provided.

W. L. ROSS Vice-President . Chicago . GEO. J. CHARLTON Gen. Passenger Agt.

"THE ONLY WAY" BETWEEN

Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City Peoria, Springfield